

Crematory, Wake Up

What is the fault of being so different
so real insane it is so deep inside
a grin plays over my lips cause I know
that their existence is running out

Wake up - is it real or a lie
inside - are you dead or alive
wake up - when our liar is killing us
all the fakes in we trust

What has gone wrong in our sick brains
so real insane it is so deep inside
mud runs out of the mouth
it's like waking up stoned
the existence is running out

We are deaf we are dumb we are blind
when our failures getting clear
we are deaf we are dumb we are blind
while the end is coming near